Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow and Spade.

Fri. St Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Whoes there?

Man. Heres one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse sculles as I discerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir, & theres my master, one that you (loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. *Romeo.*

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.
My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then ile go alone, feare comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. *Romeo,*
Alacke alacke, what blood is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What meane these masterlesse and goarie swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else, what *Paris* too?
And steept in blood? ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Iuli. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo?*

Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest Of

Of death, contagion, and
A greater power then we
Hath thwarted our entents
Thy husband in thy bosom
And *Paris* too, come ile di
Among a Sisterhood of h
Stay not to question, for t
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I da

Iuli. Go get thee hence,
Whats here? a cup closd i
Poyson I see hath bin his
O churle, drinke all, and l
To helpe me after, I will k
Happie some poyson yet
To make me die with a res
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy

Watch. Leade boy, whic

Iuli. Yea noise? then ile
Tis is thy sheath, there r

Watch boy. This is the pla

Watch. The ground is blo
Go some of you, who ere
Pittifull sight, here lies th
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warm
VVho here hath laine the
Go tell the prince, runne
Raise vp the *Mountagues*, s
VVe see the ground where
But the true ground of all
We cannot without circum

Enter Ro

Watch. Heres *Romeos* man,

Chiefe watch. Hold him in

Enter Frier,

3. *Watch.* Here is a Frier th

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